THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 25, 1806.

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by Adjournments, from the 21st to the 31st of the 5th Month, 1806, inclusive.

TO THE QUARTERLY AND MONTHLY MEETINGS OF FRIENDS, IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND ELSEWHERE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

WE find, in meeting in this our annual assembly, a renewal of lively zeal for promoting the righteousness which is of Christ, and for removing, as far as in us lies, the causes which obstruct it. We trust that our meeting is not only professedly in his name; but, as we are given to derive strength and encouragement in his cause, from the mutual communication of our feelings and exercises of mind, that he still owns us, however unworthy; and grants us, by being at times baptized into the sense of our own weakness, to seek, with more earnestness, his everlasting strength. In the desire therefore that ye may be built up a people truly Christian; that "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," Rom. xiv. 17. may increase and abound; we again convey to you the salutation of love unfeigned. We beseech you to consider the holy gradation of righteousness, peace, and joy; and to mark that the first step is that most comprehensive attainment, righteousness. Righteousness is immutable justice. It leaves no duty unfulfilled. Man has his full share of love from man; and God, his due reverence, adoration, and praise. Peace then flows as a river, and joy in the Holy Spirit completes the gracious purpose of Christian redemption. "Happy is that

people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Psalm cxliv. 15.

But, friends, though we are thus favoured to see, and to approve things which are excellent, yet when we review the state of our religious society, and scrutinize into the conduct of its members, we are often obliged to observe that an enemy is at work; that earth sometimes obtrudes into the place of Heaven; and that self-love in many is more conspicuous than self-denial. You know that the subjects of our inquiry on these occasions are arranged under different heads; and that it becomes, from time to time, our concern, to remind you of your duty respecting many of them. When we ask the question, "Is there any growth in the truth?" modesty, were there nothing else, might occasion a doubtful reply. But nothing needs prevent every man, endued with the light of Christ in himself, from endeavouring to answer this most important query plainly to his own conscience. As the vigorous tree brings forth its fruit in it season, so if any man grow in the truth, he will bring forth the fruits of truth, even the fruit of the spirit, so well described by the apostle to the Galatian converts. Gal. v. 22. And what obstructs this growth in any? We reply, the love of ease: the dread of conflict. But as winter and storms promote the well-being of the outward creation, so tribulation and conflict improve the Christian. They have their appropriate and appointed end in the work of sanctification; they arise not out of the dust, but are sent or permitted in the proper seasons; and whoever seeks to escape without his share, rejects the very means of his advancement, and scarcely can hope to attain his due "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ:" Eph. iv. 13. a state of which the same apostle speaks, as attainable by all.

Now, beloved brethren, a subject, a deeply interesting subject, hath intervened among our deliberations on the state of our society; and its long-felt importance induces us to suffer it here also to interrupt the current of our Christian counsel. No longer since than the last year we excited your attention afresh to the sufferings of the Africans, and spoke of the continuance of the cruel slave-trade as of an accumulation of misery and of guilt. How then do we now rejoice in having to proclaim that this torrent of iniquity is arrested in its progress; that an important restriction of the trade has taken place; that the annual enslaving of thousands is prevented; and that the prospect again opens, with increased brightness, of "a termination to the wrongs of Africa!"*

Let us therefore thank God, and take courage: and still persevere in the support of those testimonies and practices, to which

* Y. M. Epist. 1792.

which Christian love gives rise, and which Christ requires of his church. And in order that we may be able to do this, let love, pure, unconquerable love, reign in our hearts. We have often expatiated on this topic; but yet we must violate our feelings, if we suppress some further observations on it at this time. Friends, remember, that to be "made perfect in love," 1 John iv. 17, 18, is a high state of Christian excellence, and not attainable but by the sacrifice of selfish passions. No degree of resentment can consist with this state. Some persons are apt to profess that they can forgive those whom they suppose to have injured them, when such are brought to know, and acknowledge their fault. But that is little else than a disguised pride, seeking for superiority. The love which Christ commanded to his church goes further than that. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." John xv. 12. And how did the Lord love the world? Let the apostle answer. "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. v. 8. And, friends, mark and remember his gracious dying words, when, praying for his very persecutors, he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Luke xxiii. 34. And shall we expect access for our more feeble prayers, at the throne of grace, if we harbour any ill-will to our fellow-travellers towards immortality? Let us hear again the Saviour of men: "And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any." Mark xi. 25. He doth not allow time for seeing the injuring person become submissive; but,—standing, forgive: for "If ye do not forgive, neither will your father which is in Heaven forgive your trespasses." Verse 26. Oh the excellence of Christian love, and the temper of forgiveness! It is the indispensable requisite in that spiritual worship to which we as a people more peculiarly bear testimony: yea, is it not the very balm of life, and the passport to Heaven?

Thus have we hinted at some of the leading characteristics of the Christian; we have attempted to hold up the standard of truth; and we tenderly entreat all our friends who feel the necessity of measuring themselves by it, and are in great degree exemplary persons themselves, to be frequently attending to their respective gifts, in order to be helpful to others: for we are members one of another, if we are really members of that body of which the head is Christ. This mutual care is a fundamental principle of our Christian discipline: this mutual care hath brought us together at this time.

We have received this year epistles from all the meetings with which this meeting usually corresponds. The most remarkable feature in the intelligence which, from these and other sources, we receive respecting our brethren in North

America, is the great and successful diligence of some of their yearly meetings in promoting the civilization of the Indian natives. We find that our meeting for sufferings has very properly diffused this intelligence among friends; and, impressed with a desire of co-operating in a work so benevolent, this meeting has recommended a contribution, to assist our American brethren in their very worthy pursuit: and we doubt not that friends will cheerfully embrace this opportunity of testifying our unity with their labours.

Although, as we have already remarked, in the accounts which come up from the several branches of this meeting, we are affected with noting various particulars which we deplore, yet we also are encouraged in observing that the good cause remains dear to many; that fresh instances offer themselves to view of zeal in the Lord's service; and that some serious persons are still seeking to be united to us in consequence of convincement.

The amount of sufferings brought in this year is about ten thousand three hundred and fourteen pounds: of which some part is for demands of a military nature; but this chief part, ecclesiastical. And, friends, while we are endeavouring to bear testimony against war, let us show, by our inoffensive, quiet demeanour, that we are truly children of peace; and while we refuse the claims of a priesthood from which we conscientiously dissent, let us be diligent in waiting on the great minister of the true tabernacle. This, you know, friends, is the purpose of our assembling together in silence: and though there is among us at times but little instrumental ministry, or none, let not this produce any abatement of diligence in the duty. Instrumental ministry, in the life and power of the gospel, is a great favour to the church; but the distinguishing excellence of the Christian dispensation is the immediate communication with our heavenly Father, through the inward revelation of the spirit of Christ. Let us, therefore, brethren, submit to the baptizing operations of the Holy Spirit, which purify the soul, and produce the capacity for communion with God.

Now "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Signed in and on behalf of the
Meeting, by
ARNEE FRANK,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SURREY ASSIZES.

Guildford, Saturday, August 9.

BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF BARON MACDONALD.

CRIM. CON. and BIGAMY.

ELEANOR WHITFORD was indicted for that she, at Gretna, in Scotland, intermarried with John Whitford, on the 26th of November, 1801, and afterwards, at the parish of St. Mary Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, on the 19th of May, 1806, feloniously intermarried with Robert Jacques James, her former husband being still alive.

This was a case which excited a considerable degree of interest, as it was understood to involve the legality of a Gretna Green marriage. The defendant was a young lady of handsome person and elegant manners, and her appearance at the bar excited considerable sympathy on her behalf, in the spectators of the court.

After she was arraigned and faintly uttered her plea of "Not Guilty,"

Mr. Curwood rose to address the jury. He began by stating that the melancholy duty devolved upon him, which he assured the jury he executed with most painful sensations, to conduct the prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, for a crime, which, if substantiated against her, degraded her from her rank in life; which the law had declared a felony; and which might subject her to be transported from her native country, an associate of the vilest and most profligate of mankind. The case which he had to lay before the jury was of a most extraordinary nature, and differed very far from that class of cases, which usually presented themselves for the consideration of a jury. In general, those who were arraigned for this crime were of the lowest order of society, who had no knowledge of the extent of their moral duties, or of the consequences of deviation from them. Not such was the case of the prisoner at the bar; she had been well educated, and ought to have been refined to a better sense of her duties, and impressed with the importance of their observance. She was the daughter of a man of respectability, and of some importance in the town of Basingstoke, and in the year 1801 she was addressed by her husband, who solicited her hand in marriage. For what reason, the learned counsel said, he was not informed, but her father, at that time, was averse to the match, and refused his consent; but the addresses of the young man were

not

not disagreeable to her mother, and other parts of the lady's family; but it being found that no entreaty would soften the obduracy of her father, the young people eloped to Scotland, and were there married, according to the forms and ceremonies of the Scottish law. Upon their return, they were reconciled to her father, and the husband commenced business as a linen-draper, at Southampton; at that time, he was about twenty-five years of age, and the prisoner scarcely eighteen. They continued at Southampton until the year 1805, when business not succeeding, he was obliged to relinquish his situation, and come to London. Here he certainly was obliged to live on a reduced scale. He obtained a situation as managing man at a wholesale linen warehouse in the city, and took a small house for his wife at Kennington. They resided together, in apparent comfort and happiness, he going out early to his business in the morning, and returning home about eight in the evening. They continued this course 'till about March last, when one evening, returning as usual, he found that another bed was putting up in a spare room; and, upon inquiry, his wife told him that she had let this room to a most respectable old gentleman, who had taken the room to lodge with them. In the evening the new lodger made his appearance; he seemed above sixty years of age, and of most gentlemanly manners, and was, therefore, gladly received by the husband, as a welcome inmate. From such a man he could suspect no injury; and none but the most suspicious could have thought his wife in danger in such society. However, so it was, that after a very short time, he found his wife strangely altered in her behaviour towards him. She appeared disgusted with him, and miserable in herself. He entreated her to reveal the cause of her uneasiness, and then, no doubt to reveal her own guilt; she affected to say, that his behaviour was unkind, and she had reason to suspect his fidelity. He endeavoured, by every soothing attention, and by increased kindness to convince her of her forming an erroneous opinion, and had apparently succeeded, for on the morning of the 18th of April, when he left home, they parted with marks of more than usual kindness; but it so happened, that being taken ill that day, he returned home much earlier than was customary. He found his wife from home, and on the mantle-piece was a letter, addressed to him, in her hand-writing, to the following purport:—"Sir, I have taken my own name of Miss Howard, and shall ever after disown that of Whitford, which I am now fully satisfied I never was entitled to; I thank God for it, for I hold it in utter abhorrence." Yes, said the learned counsel, no doubt she then held it in utter abhorrence. While she was pure and uncontaminated, she held it not in abhorrence; but when she had deviated from the path of virtue, she no doubt abhorred the name

of the man whom she had wounded with the most cruel of all injuries. She did not return home that night, but the next morning her husband received a message that she was at a neighbour's house, and desired to see him. He accordingly attended, and then she exhibited a gleam of remorse for her misconduct. When she saw her husband, she exclaimed, "Whitford, you cannot, will not forgive me!"—At that time he did not know the extent of his injury, but she immediately confessed that she had dishonoured his bed, and complained that James, their lodger, had seduced her from her duty. All she requested was, that her husband would restore her to her parents, which, notwithstanding his injuries, he promised he would do. Of short duration, however, was her better resolve; and so true was it, that when the bounds of virtue were once transgressed, and the mind became familarized with guilt, that it acted, without remorse, what in its pure state it could not contemplate without horror; for in a few weeks after this event, she publicly married her hoary seducer; and for that act she now stood arraigned as a criminal at the bar of justice. The learned counsel concluded by stating, that he should call his witnesses to prove his case. The punishment, if she was found guilty, would be apportioned by the superior wisdom of his lordship; but there remained yet this consolation for the unhappy woman at the bar, that she was tried before a judge who always tempered judgment with mercy.

David Lang, the well-known blacksmith, or *rivetter*, at Gretna Green, was called. This man having taken the Scotch oath, stated, that he was a tobacconist, at Gretna, and had been long in the habit of marrying persons who came to him. On the 26th of November, 1801, he married the lady at the bar and Mr. Whitford, according to his practice. He was asked many questions by the lord chief baron. He said he had no written form of ceremony, nor kept any books. There were no subscribing witnesses to the marriage in question. The only names written on the paper were David Lang, John Whitford, and Elizabeth Howard.

The lord chief baron said, he would not admit this as a marriage. He asked him what he was? He replied, a tobacconist. His lordship observed, that a fellow or two, like the witness, did these sort of things, but both himself and the parties were liable to punishment.

Mr. Curwood said, the marriage was irregular; but that did not vitiate it, though it subjected the parties to punishment. He understood, by the Scotch law, there were two species of marriages.

Lord chief baron—"I cannot take your understanding of the law of Scotland; I must have it certified by the lord advocate, or one of the judges of the court. There is no doubt but

but a valid marriage in Scotland or in China is valid any where; but the law of every foreign country must be certified. If you have any advocate of character, I will receive his testimony."

Counsel—"Will your lordship permit the witness to give evidence of the law?"

Lord chief baron—"No, certainly not. I will not receive the law of Scotland from a tobacconist."

The prisoner was acquitted, of course.

This verdict puts an end to an action for seduction brought by Mr. Whitford against Mr. James.

EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING,

As it really occurred in Lord Tyrone's Family, in Ireland.

The following most Extraordinary Article is copied from La Belle Assemblee; or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine, of last month, August 1, 1806.

LORD TYRONE and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were both left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of deism by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years, she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together; a short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford remarked when his lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he enquired anxiously after her health, she assured him she was well, perfectly well; he repeated his en-

quiries, and begged to know if any thing had disordered her; she replied no, she was as well as usual. 'Have you hurt your wrist, have you sprained it?' said he, observing a black riband bound round it. She replied no, she had not; but added, 'Let me conjure you, Sir M. never to enquire the cause of my wearing this riband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you; I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject.' Very well, my lady,' said he smiling, 'since you so earnestly desire me, I will enquire no further.'

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B. enquired if the post was come in? she was told it was not. In a few minutes she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the inquiry, is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. 'Do you expect any letter?' said Sir M. 'that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post.' 'I do,' she answered, 'I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday, at four o'clock.' 'I never in my life,' said Sir M. 'believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed you.'

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black. 'It is as I expected,' exclaimed Lady B. 'he is dead.' Sir M. opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady B. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time past; and added, 'I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome; I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a son.'—Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son; she had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours; the rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife,

and one son, who at Sir M.'s death was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectation of every one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that, won over by his supplication and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of another daughter.

The day on which she had lain in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for Lady ———, of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birth-day. 'For,' said she, 'I am forty-eight this day.' 'No, my lady,' answered the clergyman, 'you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day.'

'You have signed my death-warrant,' 'said she, 'I have not much longer to live. I must, therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die.

When the clergyman had left Lady B. she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady ——, and her son, of whom Sir M. Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room, 'I have something to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed

religion,

religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that which ever should happen to die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when Sir M. and myself were in bed, I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed side; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir M. 'For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone,' said I, 'by what means or for what purpose came you here at this time of night.' 'Have you then forgot our promise,' said he, 'I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are now with child of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die in the 47th year of your age.'

"Just Heaven, (exclaimed I) and cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly you may (returned he)—you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you; but, if after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' 'May I ask, (said I) if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise, (said he) I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you.' 'I may thence infer you are happy;' he smiled; 'but how, (said I) when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination.' 'Will not the news of my death, (said he) be sufficient to convince you?' 'No, (returned I) I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality.' 'You shall,' (said he)—then waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended: 'In that, (said he) you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this.' 'True, (said I) but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt.' He then said, 'You have a

pocket-book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand-writing.' I replied 'Yes,' He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. 'Still, (said I) in the morning, I doubt, though awake, I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' 'You are hard of belief, (said he) I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not regard a small blemish,' (said I.) 'You are a woman of courage, (said he) hold out your hand.' I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered.—'Now, (said he) while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist, to see it would be sacrilege.' He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone.

"During the time in which I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose, and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir Marcus was gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary position would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black riband which I bound round my wrist.

"When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M. he instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause. I assured him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the black riband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude; but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration; I commenced an intercourse with

with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he entered the room he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable—that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years were passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precept of Christianity, I can meet the king of terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

"When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my lady, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black riband, and let my son with yourself, behold it." Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honour he would in future receive from an union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B. then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady —— and her son immediately called her attendants, and quitted the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her, to call instantly. An hour passed and all was silent in the room, they listened at the door and every thing was still; but in about half an hour more a bell rung violently,

violently, they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door of it, they heard the servants exclaim "My mistress is dead." Lady —— then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with herself approached the bed of his mother, they knelt down by the side of it. Lady —— then lifted up her hand, unbound the black riband, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered, every sinew shrunk up. Lady B.'s son, as had been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter; the black riband and pocket-book are now in the possession of Lady ——, by whom the above narrative is stated in Ireland; who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest its truth.

Dublin, August 16, 1802.

ANECDOTES *of the* PRINCES *of* HOLSTEIN OLDENBURGH.

THE oldest of these princes (who are now in England,) Paul Frederic Augustus, was born on the 13th of July, 1783; and the youngest, Peter Frederic George, on the 9th of May, 1784. They are descendants of the younger branch of that ancient house, which, in the middle of the last century, gave sovereigns to Russia and Sweden, in Peter III. and Adolphus Frederic, of whom Alexander I. and Gustavus Adolphus IV. are grandsons. Their father, Peter Frederic Louis, is the reigning prince, bishop of Lubeck and duke of Oldenburg; and their mother was a princess of Wirtemberg, sister of the empress-dowager of Russia, and of the modern king of Wirtemberg. She died shortly after the delivery of her youngest son; but though her desolate consort was then under thirty, he resolved never more to marry, but to dedicate the whole of his time to the education of his children. His paternal and patriotic magnanimity has been rewarded with success. His sons are the most moral and most accomplished princes of the continent; and indeed it could not be otherwise. The examples of their father's virtues before their eyes, must have implanted on their young minds lessons pure and excellent, as well as durable. Neither vicious mistresses polluted his bed, nor profligate companions dishonoured his table. His palaces are the refuge of the undeservedly unfortunate and the unjustly oppressed. His subjects pay no direct taxes; he derives his revenue from his family domains, and from duties laid on foreign imports.

That such a prince should be honoured with the hatred of a Bonaparte might be expected; it is rather surprising that he has not already been treated à l'Enghein, particularly as revo-

lutionary banditti have acquired Hanover. But if he yet has spared the prince's person, he has attempted to ruin his power. An intrigue of Talleyrand, after the peace of Luneville, was near to deprive the prince of the toll of Elsfleth, on the Weser, the chief source of his revenue. He resides generally at Eutin during the summer, and at Oldenburg during the winter. The former is situated on a very romantic spot on the banks of a lake twenty miles from Lubeck; and the distance of the latter is thirty miles from Bremen.

As neither the Emperor Alexander, nor the grand Duke Constantine, have yet any children, the young princes of Holstein-Oldenburgh are considered by many abroad, as future heirs of the sceptre of the Russian empire. Count Hoem, who accompanies them in this country, is not only the respectable governor of the sons, but the confidential minister of the father; and what is more brilliant, accomplishes with zeal and talent, delicacy and dignity, both these important functions.

SINGULAR RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

[From Wittman's Travels.]

I Was present at a religious ceremony of the dervises or Turkish priests. The house in which they assembled was of an octagon form, with two galleries, the upper of which, supported by pillars, was occupied by musicians, who played very soft and solemn music. In the lower gallery were stationed the Turks and others who attended to witness this very singular service. Round the apartment were hung in frames several Arabic sentences, one of which, in particular, was suspended exactly over the head of the superior of the dervises. He was seated; and each of the dervises, on entering, bowed to him, and then took his place in the lower gallery. Between twenty and thirty of these monks being assembled, the superior repeated a prayer, during the continuance of which they kneeled, and bowed their heads to the floor, which they occasionally appeared to kiss. After they had chaunted for some time, with the accompaniment of the music in the gallery, the superior rose, and with a slow and solemn pace walked three times round the apartment, bowing when he passed the Arabic inscription, beneath which he had been seated. The other dervises now rose, and having repeated this ceremony after him, the superior again seated himself.

The strangest part of the service was yet to come. The dervises next threw off their mantles, and suddenly letting drop a kind of cloth, or woollen petticoat, began successively to spin round,

round, each of them taking a station, on which he continued to whirl, as if on an axis, during the space of twenty minutes, without coming in contact with those who were nearest to him. In this exercise, in the course of which they turned round with great celerity, to augment the giddiness which was to produce a holy intoxication, they had at first their arms crossed, with their hands placed on their shoulders. As the velocity of their motion increased, they held them up; and finally extended them in a horizontal position, but still without encountering those who were within their reach. This ceremony, which was thrice performed, was constantly accompanied by the soft music from the gallery; and throughout the whole of it great order and solemnity prevailed.

There is another sect of dervises very different in their habits from those whose religious ceremonies I have just described, and who are styled mewliachs. These are the tacta tepens, or board-beaters, the regulations of whose order are still more dismal and austere. I had not an opportunity to be present at their devout exercises, which, as I was told, require an exertion of the lungs equal to that of the limbs in the circular motions of the preceding sent. As, in performing these motions, the mewliachs acquire a greater energy in proportion as the giddy intoxication increases, and whirl round with more precipitancy, so the board-beaters, following each other with great solemnity round their chapel, repeat aloud the word *Allah!* to the beat of a drum, until its strokes are at length quickened to such a degree, as to produce, in many instances, by the streporous exertions with which they are followed, a spitting of blood. The dervises in general are regarded as prophets by the deluded multitude.

Copy of a Monument lately erected in Quedgeley Church, Gloucestershire.

This mournful tribute of a Brother's affection,
Is erected to the Memory of
CHARLES HAYWARD, ESQUIRE.
(Elder son of Thomas and Mercy Hayward.)
Who lived generally beloved,
And died as generally lamented,
March 20, 1803, aged 62.
If he whose fondest aim was to impart
The balm of comfort to the grief-struck heart;
In all whose actions truth and candour shone,
Who censured no man's frailty but his own;
Had virtues which his memory may endear;
Drop, stranger, o'er this monument, a tear!

MUSLINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extreme fineness of this delicate material, as now furnished to our *belles*, both by European and Indian manufacturers, it appears that this quality was once carried to a much greater height. Tavernier, who wrote in the 17th century, relates, that when Ali Beg, ambassador from Persia, returned from India, he brought with him a cocoa nut set with pearls, which had inclosed in it a turban of 60 cubits of muslin, so fine that the cloth could scarcely be felt by the hand!

AN ANECDOTE.

[From Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton.]

DR. WARTON was a great admirer of beauty, nor was it in his nature to use a rude expression to a female. He had, moreover, a great tenderness and love for children, and fully exemplified the maxim, that wherever there are a uniform attention to the female sex, and an indulgent notice of children, there is a warm and feeling heart.

His politeness to the ladies, however, was once put to a hard test: he was invited, while master of Winchester College, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connexion with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information. Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterised him, he on his introduction sat immediately close to the lady, and, by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject; when the following dialogue took place:—

Lady.—"Pray, Sir, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?"

Warton.—"Yes, Madam."

Lady.—"They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?"

Warton.—"I have only heard of one attempt, Madam."

Lady.—"Oh no! I beg pardon, that was one Mr. Shakespear; I always confound them."

This was too much even for the doctor's gallantry; he replied, "Certainly, Madam," and with a bow changed his seat to the contrary side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be pourtrayed, but by his speaking and expressive countenance. In a few minutes he quitted the company, but not without taking leave of the lady in the most polite and unaffected manner.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Trewavas's Charade, inserted June 16.

IN stately ship, on lofty wave,
Behold the sons of Neptune, brave!
Who boldly up the LADDER fly,
And each tempestuous wave defy.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Cross, of Bristol; William Mann, of Ashburton; J. S. H. Stoneman, W. Commins, J. T. Symons, and P. Gove, of Exeter; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D C. of Bridgewater; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Lewis, of Poole; John Badcock, of Mousehole; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; Castor, of Marazion; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Thomas Scadding, and T. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. James, of Hinton St. George; W. Pollard, of Egloskerry; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and Sophia, of Modbury.

Answer, by J. Whittle of Upway, to J. O. Zillwood's Charade, inserted June 23.

THE parts unite, the same transpose,
MALPAS the town it will disclose.

*** We have received similar answers from William Cross, T. Davis, and W. D. of Bristol; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; T. Clarke, jun. and T. Scadding, of Wellington; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

An ENIGMA, *by E. S. of Tiverton.*

RIGHT or revers'd I am the same,
Two monosyllables form my name:
As days glide on, mark well your time,
You'll find me out—here ends my rhime.

A CHARADE, *by J Badcock, of Mousehole.*

AVAUNT thou busy world,
Nor dare disturb my first!
When man doth like my second fall,
He'll moulder soon to dust.
Connect these parts, and then you'll view
A town in England—Sirs, adieu!

A REBUS, *by J. A——g.*

SAY what is of essential use,
The nation's chief support;
In architecture next produce
Part of a house, or fort;
The verb *to be* you'll quickly trace
Throughout its conjugation;
Select a word, and this you'll place
To make the termination:
These parts together form'd will shew
A chief—his country's pride!
Who long the malice of the foe,
And elements defy'd.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE INFANT.

SWEET babe! Ah! little dost thou know
How short is life's contracted span!
The various troubles here below,
That subject are to mortal man.

But 'neath a parent's fondest care,
No tyrant sorrows thee annoy;
'Tis thine each comfort now to share,
And calm each blessing to enjoy.

While rob'd in innocence divine,
No troubles seize thy little heart;
Ah! could such innocence be mine,
It sure must happiness impart.

But soon, ah! soon, if fate should prove
Propitious to thy length'ning day,
Thou too wilt feel the powers that move
Man's various appetites to please.

But tho' reflection brings to mind,
Those various ills that cloud our joys,
Yet still, methinks, in thee I find
Enough those ills to counterpoise.

And Oh! sweet angel! may'st thou live
A blessing to thy parents dear!
Bless'd with each comfort life can give,
Unruffled by the stings of care.

And as thy infant bud expands,
May virtue blessings on thee shower!
And as in thee each goodness blends,
Select thee as her fav'rite flower.

Thus, while thy bark unruffled glides,
Adown the mazy stream of life,
Still may it be thy constant pride
To conquer envy, wrath, and strife.

And when old age creeps on apace,
When life seems verging to decline;
When wrinkled is that lovely face,
That now so beauteous looks divine.

Oh may sweet memory impart
The blessings of a life well-spent!
Nor a foul deed thy conscience start,
To give thee reason to repent.

And Oh! when gloomy death shall come,
Firm in thy great Redeemer's love,
May'st thou serenely meet thy doom,
And reap eternal joys above!

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

A Mother's Address to her Dying Infant, who expired three Days after her Birth.

TENDER softness, infant mild!
Perfect, sweetest, loveliest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rend thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah! regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture bless'd my sight;
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!
Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, with'ring in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!

That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps (impending now)
Shall hover round thy destin'd brow;
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree.

Bath. M. WRIGHT.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

DECENCY IN DRESS.

"A modest demeanour in young females is much more graceful than gaudy attire. A neat and plain dress is more comfortable and becoming than that which is in the extreme of fashion."—Entertainer, December 23, 1805.

A Decency in dress becomes the fair,
Who wish to be by innocence belov'd:
No friends to fashion they themselves declare
But when she reigns by modesty approv'd.

'Tis littleness of mind alone in those
Who wish in dress their neighbours to out-vie:
By it how many will those charms expose,
That decency and love forbid the eye!

Remark that lass—'tis fashion's darling child,
By her own charms and gaudy dress beguil'd,
To friv'lous, slavish modes confin'd:
Turn but the eye; observe another maid,
How neatly, yet how modestly array'd;
Which marks superior sense, and elegance of mind.

Trent. B. A.